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VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

OUR financial year has closed, and the report of receipts is as follows: The total receipts in contributions were \$101,898.52; less than in 1893 by \$10,465.21. The special effort last year brought in about \$8,000; so the decrease in ordinary contributions is about \$1,500. The amount received from legacies was \$24,550.60, which is an advance of \$2,136.32, making a total decrease of \$8,328.89. The estimates asked of us for 1895 call for about \$2,500 more than for 1894. During the year, however, there has been less demand for extra appropriations for buildings and other items, so that by an adjustment of payments on buildings by which about \$8,000 will be paid in 1895, we have not been obliged to cut off any existing work. Those who have labored so hard for this result will rejoice in it. Let us enter upon the work of another year with courage. With returning prosperity in the country, with a good beginning made for proportionate giving, and with the financial plan adopted at Montclair, sure of Divine guidance and blessing, let us go forward with hope and energy.

A BIT of conversation and its sequel: "O, no, I don't want one of those," said Mrs. T—to a friend who was asking her to buy one of our Prayer Calendars for 1895. "I have a pile of pious things of that sort now, and I never look at any of them." But after a little persuasion, and for

friendship's sake, she was prevailed upon to add this one more to the "pile." The next day Mrs. T—— came again to her friend: "I just wish you would tell me," she said, in a far different tone from that she used the day before, "who did get up that Prayer Calendar? Why, I sat down to glance at it last evening, and I could not stop till I had read six months of it right straight through." The moral is too obvious to need any pointing from us.

Is there a lesson for any one in this country found in the following extract from a letter from Africa? The writer is Miss Stillson, who is at the head of our Umzumbi School.

WHEN I received the August LIFE AND LIGHT and read its sad statement of diminished receipts,—reading also of the self-denial of native Christians in India, China, and elsewhere, that they might bring an offering for missions,—I asked myself the question, What can we do? In the evening my native teacher came to my room for a talk. I told her of the financial stress in America, of the crying need of money for the Lord's work everywhere, and the possibility that for lack of funds some of our mission schools might be closed, or compelled to turn away those who wished to enter them. She asked if we could help in any way, and I told her of one way that I had thought of as possible.

You know, perhaps, that the food of these girls is very simple, consisting mainly of corn. They always have corn-meal porridge for breakfast and supper, and with it a spoonful of brown sugar, their one luxury. They are very fond of sweets, and there is no greater punishment for them than to be deprived of their portions of sugar. In this colony sugar is not costly, yet to supply sixty girls with two spoonsful a day through the year, means an outlay of several dollars. I explained to the teacher, Utoyi; loaned her the magazine to read and think over, and then to put the matter before the girls if she thought best. She held a meeting with them, showing them that if they chose, there was an opportunity to deny themselves, and so show their love to Christ. The result was that every girl decided to give up her portion of sugar once a day, and they were dismissed to retire for the night. As they went up stairs a girl said to Utoyi, "What if I should want to go without all my sugar?" "If you want to be one to go without it, I will be another," replied Utoyi. Before the bell rang for silence five or six others had joined the total abstinence band. At breakfast the next morning, for convenience, we wished to seat at one table those who had agreed to give up all their sugar. We explained the matter, and it was not long before every girl had joined the band.

A little later, the girls asked of their own accord to give up their rice, which they have once a week only, and the wheat bread, which is their "treat" for supper on Sunday nights. The first request I granted, but the flour was on hand and would spoil if it was not used; but I soon had offers from the station people to buy the flour, and at the girls' request sold most of it. So it was that quite cheerfully, and in part at their own suggestion, they took out of their diet every one of their special luxuries for the remaining three months of the term. Nothing could be a greater self-denial to them, but they make it freely and cheerfully, and I have not heard the first word of complaint or regret. They understand that they have reduced the expense of the school about thirty dollars, and they do it that we may not be obliged to send away girls from our school. I am sure the act will do them good, help them to appreciate their blessings, and open their hearts to generous feelings. We teachers have also given up tea, coffee, and sugar. We have not many luxuries of the table that cost money. We raise fruit, vegetables, milk, and eggs, and as there is no market they are wasted unless used; but we shall find ways to deny ourselves, and bring an offering, small, perhaps, but freely given.

As we go to press a most touching and acceptable gift comes to us with a "message," which the women of the Madura (India) Missionary Society write "with great respect to the Woman's Board." We regret that we have space only for the beginning and the end of the "message," which reads: "Having heard of the emptiness of the treasury, we feel great sympathy for you. . . . We, the members of the Madura Missionary Society, have gathered together a small sum (\$10), according to our ability, to send you. We trust that you will graciously receive it. May God, who is gracious to help, bestow the desire on those able to give till the treasury of the Board is full, that the true God may be made known among the people who know him not. We pray that the Holy Ghost may carry out your desires and plans."

INDIA.

VISITS WITH BIBLE WOMEN.

BY MRS. H. C. HAZEN, OF THE MADURA MISSION.

I HAVE recently visited ninety-two women who are learning to read in their homes, with nine different Bible women, in four different large towns. There are over two hundred more whom I must visit as soon as I can, and there are some who will not let me come at all. "Why?" do you

ask? Some, because if I come to their houses their husbands will find out that their wives are learning to read, and will stop the reading with much anger, and possibly, yes, probably, beat their wives. Some others pretend to believe that I will not come alone, but will bring my husband with me; and they must not allow any man but their husbands, fathers, and brothers to see their faces; some may not even see their sister's husband unless they can steal a glimpse somewhere through a crack in the door, or in any way so that they may not themselves be seen. Some others object to my coming because such a crowd of people follow me and come into their houses with me; some fear by this that lower castes will come in and pollute their houses; while others do not wish to read and recite their verses before so many people. A few, especially among the Brahmins, say that I cannot come to their houses because I eat food that low-caste people have cooked, and therefore I have lost caste.

I would like to take you with me to some of these houses that I have just been visiting, but I am sure you will enjoy it better on paper than if you were really here. First of all we must walk, because so many object to the crowds that are attracted by a carriage. Moreover, it will not go in all the narrow alleys and lanes where we must go to find the women. The sun is very hot and the wind is blowing a gale. You will need four hands,—two to hold your umbrella, one to keep your hat on your head, and one to keep your dress down where it belongs. Stoop low as you enter the door; my poor pith hat got so many bruises this last month, although I bent very low every time, that I had to take off the cloth covering and paste paper over every inch of it. One great disadvantage in walking is that you cannot take a chair with you; and so you must be prepared to sit anywhere. A few have one chair, which they bring out with evident pride for me to occupy. Alas! they are always occupied with little insects that in civilized countries are content to occupy the beds of the less-respectable portion of the community. But it would never do to refuse the chairs, or the hard-wood bench which serves the purpose of a cot at night, but is the seat of honor for all visitors by day. In one house the whole room had just been plastered, and I found it a very damp, uncomfortable seat to sit on,—the wet plaster,—and I was very much afraid my heels would leave a print in the soft floor. In many houses I sat on the wooden mortar, turned upside down. In other houses I sat on the edge of a high platform. Sometimes I sat on a box, sometimes on a doorstep, sometimes flat on the floor, like a native, with my feet under me. Buttoned shoes do not add to one's comfort in that position. But any of these seats is preferable to another kind that is frequently offered; namely, a little board about fifteen by twelve inches in surface, about two

inches high on one side and five inches high on the other side. It is so low there is no place for knees, and so slanting I have constantly to be on guard to keep from sliding off. This is the favorite pillow of many of the men, but it is not a good substitute for a chair.

In one house they had a dais, or high platform in front of their house, covered with a roof, and inclosed on two sides with brick and mortar walls full of little niches where little idols stood, and hung full of grotesque pictures of their false gods. I hesitated whether I should sit in state on this platform in such an unholy shrine; but reflecting that an "idol is nothing," and that the family had tried to show me an honor by giving me the cleanest and best place they had, I said nothing. I am sure that the best way to cast out idols is to bring Jesus Christ in.

Here we must cross the river. There is only a little water, so I can jump across. But, oh, the long stretch of burning, hot sand into which my feet sink with every step! My feet burn for a long time afterwards, although they are not really blistered, as I feared they might be. The wind beats the sand into our faces, but our smoked glasses protect our eyes.

I am so glad the first house we enter across the river is large and cool, with windows and stone floor. One old lady, seeing me wipe the perspiration from my face and neck, brings a fan and insists upon standing to fan me. The breeze is grateful, but she seems so old and feeble I am ashamed to accept her kind attention. Here one woman refuses to come out of her dark room to read; so I bring my chair to the door, and she sits near it in her dark room, while I talk through a half-open door. But we must not linger too long in this comfortable house, although we linger a little to give some advice to one of the young women, in accordance with the old woman's request.

"Waft, waft, ye spicy breezes!" for never was perfume such a comfort, such a luxury, and such a necessity as on a round of visits to these lowly homes. One of the Bible women says she always takes a piece of camphor gum tied in one corner of her *seelie* during the rainy season. But this next house is worse than usual, and I wonder if they have been boiling horns and hoofs to make glue. Here a young woman gets up from her bed, which is only a mat, and comes with soiled clothing and tousled hair to read her lesson. She makes many mistakes, and as an apology says she has been having smallpox, and has not been well enough to bathe yet. Of course my first impulse is to run; but I do not, for if there is mischief to be done it is already done, as she has been sitting by my side fifteen minutes or more.

In another house a young woman who has been a great sufferer for years seemed almost like a Christian. She was married several years ago to a

wealthy old man living about seven miles from here. She lived in his house about one year, but was unable to do his cooking, so he sent her back to her mother's house. As she has not yet recovered her health the husband has married again, and this young woman, not yet twenty years old, belongs to the despised class of widows. The Bible woman and I knelt and prayed for her, which seemed to please both her and her mother very much, and they enlarged upon it with evident pleasure when another sister came in soon after.

In one house two Mohammedan women read, and one of them repeated Psalm after Psalm, Proverb after Proverb, besides many verses from the New Testament, singing several Christian lyrics. A young man came in, listened a short time, saying, "So this is what all you women are about while your husbands are away. We will see what will be done." The women were so frightened lest there be trouble, that I left them and visited several Hindu houses. While I was hearing the lessons in these houses the Bible woman went to three Mohammedan houses, to see if they were ready to receive me. In each house the husband having heard through that young man that I was around visiting their wives, had left their bazaars and gone home. As soon as the Bible woman entered they greeted her with, "Where is the white lady? Is she coming here with you?" Although the Bible woman replied, "No," and told where I was, they would not believe that I was not waiting at the door until they went to see. It was certainly providential that the Bible woman had gone ahead to see if the way was clear, for the men were very angry, and might have done violence to their wives, if not to me.

MICRONESIA.

"LAND HO! KUSAIE!"

BY MISS E. THEODORA CROSBY.

SUCH were the welcome words which greeted us at sunset one evening twenty-eight days out from Honolulu; twenty-eight days of water and sky, and sea birds, and bilge water, and sea food, and seasickness; twenty-eight days under a burning tropic sun, the glare on the water almost blistering our faces if we stayed on deck, whiling away the time by reading, playing on the organ, and sleeping, and making large plans, and sighing for *terra firma*, until night enfolds us in its grateful shades. A good Samaritan, or rather two good Samaritans in Honolulu, gave Mrs. Rife, Mrs. Price, and myself long bamboo steamer chairs, which, I think, will add several months at least to our stay in Micronesia; and we lie in them and study the heavens,

both the visible and invisible, and make wise remarks about the weather and the prospects for a breeze, or of steaming up if the breeze refuses to come. And so the days and nights go by, and we have an added topic for conversation and speculation,—when shall we see land? Of course the captain, with his superior wisdom, can tell us just how the winds and the waves will behave, and how many days, and hours, and minutes, and seconds it will take us to reach Kusaie; and so we make life a burden to him, and highly amusing to the officers, with our endless questions: “How many knots are we making?” “Could we go faster if we steamed?” “If this breeze keeps up how many more days will it be before we see land?” “What side of the island shall we sight first?” etc.; to all of which the captain replies with never-failing courtesy, and generally a grave face, though I suspect a laugh lies not far behind.

But one evening just after supper captain goes aloft and calls down, “Land ho! Kusaie!” We are all excitement, but my interest cools considerably when he reports “just a mountain peak, about the size of my thumb, visible above the horizon.” This might be any land; I want to see Kusaie, and so I refuse to mount to the top of the pilot house, where the others go to see “the land as big as a thumb.” We go to our staterooms at an early hour, sure that we shall not sleep a wink; whereupon I fall asleep at once, and awake at two o’clock in the morning to find my room flooded with moonlight, and a dark, shadowy something looming up outside my window. I scramble out of my berth and to the sofa, and there, within a mile of us, lies beautiful Kusaie, its hills rising like substantial ghosts in the moonlight; and here and there along the reef lights are moving,—some of the natives out fishing. You may be sure there is little sleep for me during the remaining hours of the night; it is hard for me to realize that the Kusaie of my waking and sleeping dreams is before me. “And so He bringeth them unto their desired haven!”

With the dawn of day canoes put out from the mission station, now in plain sight, and before they reach us we are at rest in Lee Harbor. A canoe manned by the Marshall boys, bringing Misses Wilson and Hoppin, reaches us first. I find myself trembling from head to foot as I hear the well-known cries of welcome, and the boys talking to one another in their native tongue. As I stand leaning over the side seeking a familiar face, and finding none, suddenly a boy looks up at me, and then rising to his feet with astonishment all over his face cries in rather an awe-struck tone, “Oh, Miss Crosby!” Then the other boys look up, and an eager chorus of “Where? where?” follows. They scramble on deck, and we shake hands with them, the three boys, who were my pupils before, coming back again and again to me to

shake hands. They are all so glad that the new missionaries have come ; it is worth leaving home and friends to receive such a royal welcome.

All are well at the three schools, and after the first words are over we prepare to go ashore, Dr. and Mrs. Rife and myself going with Misses Wilson and Hoppin, with the Marshall boys, and the others with the Gilbert boys and Mr. Channon. It is low tide, so we go swiftly along outside the reef till we pass Morning Star Harbor, and round point after point till we come to the mission station ; then the boys turn the canoe into the boat passage, and we go as far as we can,—which is not very far before the canoe grates on a rock. The boys jump into the water and pull it a little farther, —but only a few yards,—and then take us in their arms and carry us till a drier place is reached. Laki, one of my old boys, insists on carrying me ; he is rather small in stature, though perhaps as old as any in the school, and I demur a little. I am too big and heavy for him to carry ; but he joyously replies he could carry me if I were twice as big, and adds that “he is made strong by the joy of seeing his mother again.” The others are carried by the boys, too, and soon we reach the land at the mouth of Mwot River. Here the girls from the girls’ school meet us, accompanied by Miss Palmer ; a little farther on and Mrs. Channon welcomes us most cordially. After a little talk we wend our way across our little beach, past the beautiful big tree, its drooping branches laden with ferns and mosses, and on up the winding path till we reach the stone steps at the steepest part of the hill ; we mount these, and before us is the Marshall Island settlement—and home ! I would like to write that word in capitals.

Before we have been ashore an hour we have been all over the house, not excepting the wood shed ; then we examine the cottage I am to occupy, just a stone’s throw from the family house. The first day we wander around, trying to take in the fact that the voyage is a thing of the past, and we are free to prepare for work. The second day we awake with an eager desire to be up and doing ; sweeping, dusting, brushing, scrubbing,—needing eyes in the back of one’s head in order to direct our corps of workers. Boys, boys, everywhere ! all eager to work for us, and plenty for each to do, only you need an eye for each, else, in their excess of zeal, they will do just the wrong thing at the wrong time. But at last there is a diversion caused by the announcement that the boats are coming ashore with our goods and chattels from the Star, and every boy disappears as if by magic, all scampering down the hill to help unload the boats and bring up the boxes. Then the scene changes : brushes, and cloths, and buckets give way to nails, and nail pullers, and hammers ; curtains appear, and as one set of boys unpack them, another set take them and put them up at the windows ; matting appears, and willing hands

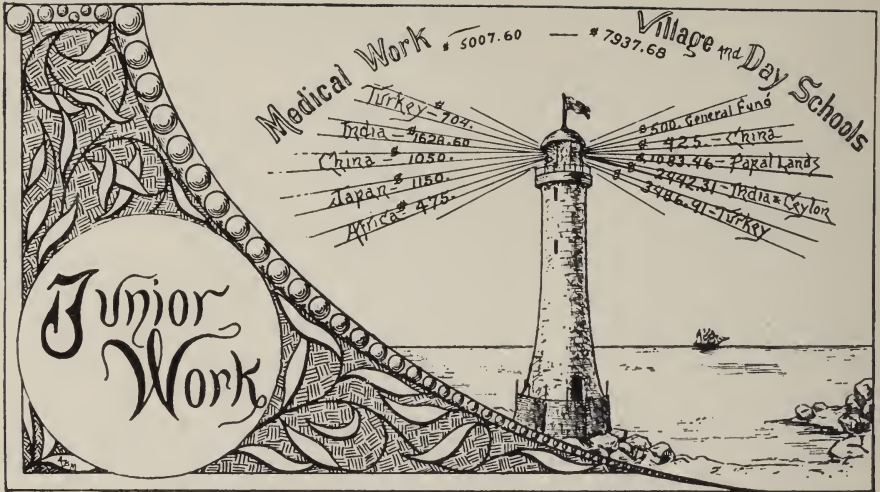
quickly lay that on the floors, under the direction of a missionary; furniture finds its place as if it knew just where it was needed. And so, little by little, we get settled, and in an incredibly short time things have a "homey" look and we have a restful feeling.

After each day's work we rest ourselves by taking a delicious plunge into the salt water, or climb the hill and call on the young ladies in the girls' school, or walk around the cliff to the Gilbert Island settlement and call on the Channons; sometimes when the tide is high we take a canoe ride along the shore, under the drooping boughs of the mangrove trees.

And do we have no trials, no vexations, do I hear some incredulous soul say? O yes, many of them. The stove we found here had seen its best days, and we had to post a boy at the oven door to hold it shut when we wanted to bake; the new stove is up now, so that is all right. My bedstead got wet on the *Star*, and came ashore coated with the newspapers in which it was carefully wrapped. It is true they were washed off,—and so was the varnish, and even now part of the daily news is indelibly printed on my headboard. Dishes were smashed; a bottle of ink broke in my stationery box, and deluged everything near it; my curtains are speckled and streaked from having been wet. Do you want to hear any more? One learns in Micronesia to "take joyfully the spoiling of one's goods"; and, after all, these and others are of minor importance compared with the blessedness of being here, and the love of our boys, and—everything!

ONCE, when I was visiting an Indian village, I met a woman leading a little girl about six years of age by the hand and carrying a baby in her arms. The woman was weeping bitterly, and I stopped to ask what was the matter. I was told that the little girl had sometime since beaten a calf, which had died, and it was supposed she killed it. The authorities of her village held a meeting, and it was decreed that for killing the calf the mother should go out begging with her two children for seven years.—*Ex.*

The Home Mission Monthly tells of a mission band which celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary as follows: Knowing the peculiar straits of the Board they each resolved to earn a dollar extra, and tell in rhyme how it was done, inviting their friends to hear them and share in the happy evening. The programme consisted of music, an ode to George Washington, the reading of the rhymes, and a telephonic report of the condition of mission fields,—one member acting as telephone girl, the responses being given in another room loudly enough to be distinctly heard. The young men wore knickerbockers and powdered wigs of home manufacture, and the young ladies wore colonial costumes.



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES IN MISSION LANDS.

BY MISS S. LOUISE DAY.

SOON after the organization of the Christian Endeavor movement in America, the value of such methods of Christian work commended itself to the missionaries, and as early as 1884 a Y. P. S. C. E. was formed in the Sandwich Islands. To-day we find these societies scattered throughout most of the countries where our missionaries are stationed, over one hundred being connected with our own schools and churches. Christian Endeavor is still unrepresented in Micronesia, and also in Austria, where the conditions of the country forbid this kind of work. The testimony of the missionaries is unanimous as to the helpfulness of these societies in developing the spiritual life of the young people, and leading them to work for others.

CHINA.

It is interesting to review briefly the circumstances which led to the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society in China. It was formed early in 1885, in a church of the American Board at Foochow. At that time the missionaries were very much discouraged, because the native Christians, except those in missionary pay, were doing so little to advance the kingdom of Christ. They appealed to Rev. George H. Hubbard, who had

recently joined the mission, and besought him to suggest some means of arousing the church. He had known something of the Christian Endeavor movement in America, and at once organized a society, which rapidly increased in numbers and interest. As the outgrowth of this first society, there are now five regular societies connected with the American Board mission in and near the city of Foochow, and a few smaller ones in the country stations. The first convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor in China, which includes thirty-seven societies, was held in Shanghai last June. During this convention the following characteristic speech was made by one of the native Christians of Foochow: "As the gospel has spread, the Devil has had to retreat. Now that he has nowhere to stay in Western countries, he has come to China to live. In 1885 we started our first Christian Endeavor Society, the object of which is to drive him out of China. If we succeed he cannot go back to the West, but must be driven into the Eastern sea, where he will meet the fate of the Gadarene swine, who perished in the waters."

There is a very successful society in the girls' school in Foochow, and one of the missionaries, Miss Elsie M. Garretson, writes in regard to it:—

"In our school the special helpfulness of the Christian Endeavor has been manifest in the more consistent daily life of the members, and in an enthusiastic earnestness to bring their schoolmates to Christ. They have sustained a daily twilight hour prayer meeting throughout the entire year; and during a large part of one term their weekly contributions of money, collected from their very slender purses, furnished food to one poor woman on Sunday, who was thus able to keep the Sabbath and attend church without anxiety about that day's supply of provisions. I would say most emphatically that Christian Endeavor has implanted new life and vigor in our native church."

JAPAN.

In this connection it is interesting to notice what Dr. F. E. Clark says about Christian Endeavor in Japan. He writes that there are many features about the Y. P. S. C. E. which admirably fit it for growth in Japanese soil, and among those that he mentions are these: "Its plans for service rejoice their hearts; the fact that the society strives to reduce noble theories to nobler practice; to give to every man his work; to solve the problem of the unemployed. It promotes Christian fellowship." A United Society of Christian Endeavor has been formed recently in Japan, where there is a large number of very flourishing societies.



THE SCHOOL IN FOCHOW, CHINA

INDIA AND CEYLON.

Christian Endeavor is well represented in Ceylon, and also in India, where it finds much favor among the missionaries of all denominations. The first society was organized about six years ago, and several others were started



A GRADUATE OF THE MADURA BOARDING SCHOOL.

soon after. During the past year many of these societies have been formed in all the principal stations, and the results have been most satisfactory. The young Christians have been stirred up to learn the Bible, to take part in their religious meetings, and to make a greater effort to reach non-Christians.

The Y. P. S. C. E. has also been found very helpful in the schools. An interesting account of one of these societies has been prepared for us by Miss Bessie B. Noyes, one of the teachers in the training school at Madura.



A PUPIL IN MADURA BOARDING SCHOOL.

“The Christian Endeavor Society in the Madura Girls’ Boarding School was organized six years ago, and was probably the first of its kind in the mission, although it is only two years since it reported itself to the United Society of Christian Endeavor. It is regularly organized with a constitution and pledge, and with the usual officers. All of the one hundred

and twenty girls in the school are members—there being about fifty active members this year. The Junior Branch of the society numbers fifty-six. This has separate meetings and officers, but shares in the work of the older society. The schoolgirls are all most enthusiastic members. They seem to think their society the most important feature of the school, and will make any sacrifice in its behalf. Nearly all the prayer meetings they hold are in some way connected with the society, and are under the supervision of the Prayer-meeting Committee.

“Every big girl connected with the Christian Endeavor Society contributes one cent a month, and every little girl half a cent. Those who can afford it give more. Money is also raised in other ways. Every morning when the rice is measured out for that day’s food, by the girls’ own request half a measure is taken out and put by for the society,—thus taking a little from each girl’s food,—and at the end of the month the amount thus saved is credited to the Christian Endeavor Society. Then there is a number of cocoanut trees in the schoolyard, whose fruit would naturally be used to put in the girls’ curry, and would give it a much richer flavor. But the girls asked that they might do without cocoanuts in their curry, and have the products of the trees for their society. They take good care of these palm trees, and sell the leaves for thatch, the fiber from the outer shells for making ropes, and the fruit. In these and some other ways they raised about twenty dollars last year, and gave five rupees a month for the support of a Bible woman in some villages across the river. They take great interest in her work, and sometimes on Saturdays two or three of the older girls accompany her to the houses where she goes to teach the heathen women, and help her by singing, etc.

“At the suggestion of Mrs. F. E. Clark, when she visited Madura, in 1893, a Correspondence Committee was formed, and letters have been exchanged with societies in America, Japan, China, and Turkey. This has delighted the girls, and given them a world-wide interest in Christian work.

Christian Endeavor is still in its infancy in Africa, although there are several societies there, and some also exist in Madagascar.

TURKEY.

In Turkey, recent political events have caused the authorities to look with suspicion on all societies, and the government has pronounced its verdict that Endeavor societies must not be formed, nor Endeavor literature published. In consequence some societies have disbanded, and others are in a state of suspended animation. Those, however, which are in our

schools and colleges are under American protection, and the work flourishes in these places. The report of the Sunday school at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople, states that "the Christian Endeavor Society formed among the girls a year ago is most promising. We see how the movement is meeting a felt lack as to a feeling of individual responsibility." The society in the American College for Girls, at Constantinople, is eager and active, and we also find encouraging reports of those in the colleges at Marash and Harpoot. In the latter place the society has sent a box of clothing and books to a missionary in Koordistan, and one of the members has been on several missionary tours.

SPAIN.

The only Christian Endeavor Society in Spain which is reported, is that at the Girls' School at San Sebastian. Miss C. H. Barbour, one of the teachers, has written an account of the formation of this society and its methods of work.

"Several years ago some of the older pupils were very anxious to earn money to 'do good with,' as they said; so they asked Mrs. Gulick if they might give up their dessert, usually fruit, and have the money for benevolence. She did not think this wise, as they needed the fruit, but suggested instead the little cakes which they had at supper. They agreed gladly, and commenced their meetings and their contributions. Little by little others joined them, each new member adding her 'cent a day' to the fund and her interest to the meetings, until about six years ago the whole school came over to the ranks of this society, which bore the name of *Hijas Leales* (Loyal Daughters), afterwards transformed into the regular organization, and the change has been one entirely of form, not of spirit.

"Our only members outside of the boarding school are a few day pupils and teachers. But some of our girls who spent last summer vacation at their homes in Madrid, formed a society there, which includes both sexes and works in the same way as at home.

"Our society, including the Juniors, numbers about fifty. Our only division between active and associate members is in church membership, for all take part, and all, unless the very youngest, would be quite ready to take and carry out the active pledge. But in consecration meetings we make this division. The self-denial of the cakes continues, and to this, money is occasionally added by the sale of work done by the girls. The society thus contributes weekly to the support of the church, sustains a pupil in this school, and gives to various worthy objects which present themselves from time to time."

MEXICO.

The missionaries in Mexico write very enthusiastically in regard to the Christian Endeavor Societies in that country. They find them a great help in their work. Mrs. Eaton says, "Wherever our young people go they start these societies, in which they are exceedingly interested," and at another time, speaking of the day school at Chihuahua, "The teacher, a Mexican, is a member of the Christian Endeavor, and plans to form the children into a juvenile society."

We must not fail to mention one form of Christian Endeavor which is peculiar to the mission field,—those societies which are composed of missionary children. It is touching to learn that in their little meetings these children never forget to pray for "the dear ones at home."

Of the Societies of Christian Endeavor found in missionary lands, there are connected with our own schools and Congregational churches, twenty-nine in Japan, six in China, eighteen in India, four in Africa, fifteen in Turkey, one in Spain, seven in Mexico, and four in the Sandwich Islands.

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.—YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN MISSION FIELDS.

BY MRS. JAMES L. HILL.

NOTHING less than a globe will suffice for our map study to-day. Before leaving our own continent we ought in imagination to visit the *Sociedad de Esfuerzo Cristiano* in Mexico. Rev. James D. Eaton, of the American Board, is the superintendent. While the Society of Endeavor is interdenominational, it is never undenominational. Hence in our study to-day we shall limit ourselves to those lands where our own much loved Congregational missionaries have planted societies. Let us now charter the Morning Star to take the boys and girls to the Sandwich Islands, where the society supports a Hawaiian boy in the Hilo Boarding School, and has contributed liberally to the support of the lepers on the Island of Molokai, and to the Chinese Sunday school in the Portuguese church in Honolulu. These societies made a great demonstration when Dr. Francis E. Clark visited them in his journey around the world. Using now the rapid transit of imagination, we visit Japan, where we find twenty-nine societies connected with the Congregational missions. One of the most important is found in the famous university of Doshisha, which means the "One Endeavor." This school was founded by Rev. Joseph Neesima, whose history and work we take up next month. Out of one of our Societies of Endeavor in our

home land two missionaries have lately gone, the Rev. Messrs. Ewing, of Danvers, to China, and some of our societies are contributing directly to their support. One of the first hymns they may learn can be Dr. Rankin's, which has been translated into Chinese.

When it comes to India, nothing will interest the boys and girls like the story of Precious Pearl, found in "Seven Years in Ceylon," by the Misses Leitch, page 94. This book and Dr. Clark's "Our Journey Around the World" can be obtained from the circulating library at the Woman's Board rooms.

Among the Asiatic societies, two of those in Turkey are at Tarsus, Paul's birthplace. A manual of Christian Endeavor principles written in the Armenian language was on the eve of being printed, when it was summarily suppressed by the Turkish censor. The societies at the American College for Girls at Constantinople and in San Sebastian, Spain, are a strong spiritual power.

The subject being perfectly world-wide, the boys and girls, from their general information, can answer many questions regarding the geography, the climate, the inhabitants, and the missionary work in the countries brought to their attention. Let each leader choose these questions as a review of whatever instructions she may have given the members of her circle at earlier meetings. It will be seen that there will be no lack of variety in the countries traversed.

It is a pleasure to state that the United Society of Christian Endeavor prefers to have all the Societies of Endeavor send their gifts to missions through the regular missionary boards of the denomination to which they belong. There is reason to distrust the piety of a young disciple if he develops no interest in foreign missions. The concerted study of missions is one of the features specially developed in Societies of Endeavor since the Cleveland Convention. A very excellent and interesting exercise in dialogue form for the little people, "World-wide Juniors in Story and Song," by Mrs. Alice M. Scudder, may be found in the printed report of last summer's Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland.

THE football literature of 1893, published by the secular press and read by millions of people, would probably exceed in volume all that has been published by the Presbyterian Church in regard to foreign missions since their commencement, sixty years ago. Yet the Presbyterian Church (North) practically decided, when it suspended *The Foreign Missionary* some years ago, that it could not afford a monthly magazine for foreign missions; and even a consolidated monthly issue, embracing all the work of the church in our own and other lands, can secure only very moderate support.—*Dr. Ellinwood.*

Our Work at Home.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND THE YOUNG LADIES' FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY ANNA STOCKBRIDGE TUTTLE.

WHAT is the relation between these organizations? To determine this we must first answer two questions. First, what is the character of the membership in each of these organizations? and, secondly, what is their respective relation to the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world?

In our Young Ladies' Missionary Societies we necessarily find mostly young women,—Christian young women, many of whom have first learned at their mother's knee of these distant fields so white for the harvest, and who have caught from a mother's life and words that divine enthusiasm for missions which glorifies the young womanhood of the Church of Christ in our nineteenth century. From our Junior Auxiliaries will go forth into the world girls who are enthusiasts in the cause of foreign missions. From their ranks will come largely the future missionaries and workers of our Woman's Board.

And what of this great Christian Endeavor army, which, nearly two million strong, is literally sweeping round the world in a resistless march no obstacle can check?

In this army we find the rank and file of the youthful masses. Not all are from Christian homes. Many have not been taught of the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. The wonderful story of missions, home and foreign, which so thrills our Junior Auxiliary, is to many of them a sealed book, an unintelligible volume.

The relation of these two organizations to Christ's kingdom in the world is not a difficult question to answer. The Young Ladies' Societies consider only the work of foreign missions. As an organization, their prayers and efforts are directed toward this one goal,—the salvation of heathen lands.

The aim of the Christian Endeavor Society, on the other hand, is to train all the young people of our churches, young men as well as young women, in Christian service, in every department of work which will aid in bringing the world to Christ. Its missionary committee is but one of many. A general Christian culture which makes earnest, all-round Christians is its aim.

Having answered the two questions before us, we are now in a position to consider the special relation between the Christian Endeavor Society and the Young Ladies' Auxiliary. Is it not similar to that between a full and a special college course? The Christian Endeavor Society trains its members in many lines of Christian work. The Junior Auxiliary gives a most thorough training in one line, and a very important one.

Now, there are some people who for physical or mental reasons should not pursue a general college course, good as it is for the majority. So there are those who, for perhaps similar reasons, should not pursue this full spiritual college course. Nor yet is it possible for every one to become a specialist, though it has been the greatest blessing to the cause of learning that some people have had the time, inclination, and ability to do this; for much of the grandest work in the onward march of civilization has been done by specialists.

So we see these two organizations, although their kinship is unmistakable, have each their separate and distinct work. Neither can do that of the other, yet each can aid the other. Is not one of the deepest needs of our church life, if the chariot of God is to move more swiftly, that these who will be the leaders in the church of the future, should be intelligent in things relating to the kingdom and its progress over the world?

It is a fact that even Christian men and women who would consider it a disgrace not to know what was "going on" in the political world, not to be able to discuss intelligently public men and public events, know absolutely nothing of this gigantic work of reclaiming a lost world. And from these people, the great uninterested masses, the Christian Endeavor Society is to draw many of its members; for, thank God, it will reach, is reaching, those whom the Junior Auxiliary has not succeeded in interesting.

And now let us ask again the old, old question which those who for years have been grieving and praying over the uninterested ones have so often asked: How shall they be interested? I answer, by the Young Ladies' Missionary Societies, through the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

I think the latter is the connecting link for which we have been waiting so long; the link which is to connect our specialists on the one hand with the great uninterested masses on the other. Our Christian Endeavor Societies will reach and influence those whom our auxiliaries can not touch directly. But we must remember it will be impossible for the Christian Endeavor Society to do itself the work of a specialist.

Its missionary meeting will be held not oftener than once a month, and in this monthly missionary meeting must be considered not the foreign field

alone, but the home as well. A foreign missionary meeting will not be held in many Endeavor Societies oftener, perhaps, than once in three months. That seems very little, does it not?—to stop only once in three months to listen to the wail of India's millions, to hear Africa plead for the "spirit food," to see Japan, alert and eager, stretching out her hands to us! Yes, it is very little; but let us remember if that meeting once in three months is full of interest and inspiration, it may reach and interest those whom a Junior Auxiliary could not reach directly. There are perhaps between one and two hundred present, young men as well as young women, many who before joining the Christian Endeavor Society never attended a missionary meeting in their lives. Think of the opportunities of that missionary committee! Do they all realize the sacred responsibility laid upon them?

Now, how is the Junior Auxiliary to work through the Christian Endeavor Society and make its work, as a specialist, useful to those who are pursuing only the general course of Christian culture?

Let the auxiliary see to it that, so far as it is concerned, there is the utmost harmony and cordiality between the two organizations. If there is not, some one is to blame. There should be the warmest feeling between these two societies. Each must respect the sacred mission of the other. So, first and foremost, if there is any lack of such feeling, any sign of friction, see that it is removed. This is a vital step. Has your Christian Endeavor Society a missionary committee? If not, the Auxiliary must use its influence to have one appointed. Is the missionary committee alive to its opportunities? If not, the auxiliary must help here. Give the members of the committee leaflets and marked articles to read. Wake them up, first of all. The auxiliary must persuade the Endeavor Society to have a missionary meeting every month, and see that foreign missions have their share of the time and thought. Suggest that as half the members or more of the Endeavor Society are young women, the right proportion of the foreign missionary money go through the Woman's Board. Try to introduce systematic giving; for example, two cents a week for missions pledged by every member of the society. In addition, suggest a thank offering for missions at each consecration meeting.

See that occasionally, not too often, some enthusiast in foreign missions speaks before the Endeavor Society. Arrange, at least once a year, a union missionary social between the Endeavor Society and the Junior Auxiliary. Make it the best of the year. When at the missionary meetings you attend as members of the Junior Auxiliary you hear especially helpful, inspiring addresses or papers, report the same at the next missionary meet-

ing of the Endeavor Society. In all Endeavor Societies with which I am acquainted, at least one member of the Junior Auxiliary is on the missionary committee. Let that one see to it that the missionary work is kept well to the front. Happy the society which has an enthusiast on every committee. Secure subscriptions to the LIFE AND LIGHT, or some other missionary magazine, at the missionary meetings of the Endeavor Society. At one of these meetings I spoke of the help and inspiration I received from the LIFE AND LIGHT. At the close, five persons, some of them young men, came to me to inquire where they might subscribe for the magazine. At every Endeavor meeting have distributed carefully selected missionary literature. When the Junior Auxiliary has had an especially interesting meeting, have the same programme repeated at a missionary meeting of the Endeavor Society. This can be brought about by the member of the auxiliary who is on the missionary committee of the Endeavor Society.

Occasionally, perhaps twice a year, arrange an unusually interesting meeting, and give personal invitations to the members of the missionary committee of the Endeavor Society to be present.

How, now, can the Christian Endeavor Society aid the Junior Auxiliary?

First, and most important of all, by recognizing the work of the auxiliary as of God; by remembering that all the youthful zeal and consecration of our churches is not confined to the Endeavor Society, but that in these comparatively small bands of enthusiastic missionary workers is a singleness of purpose, an intelligence, and a devotion to a great cause, for which they should thank God, and to which they should give a strong and eager right hand of sympathy. At the monthly missionary meeting of the Endeavor Society, let the missionary committee of this society make it a point to give some report of the work of the auxiliary. Keep the auxiliary and its work constantly and prominently before the society, and urge all Endeavorers who can to unite with the auxiliary. Let the Endeavor Society invite the auxiliary, with the co-operation of the pastor, to unite with it at least once a year in a grand missionary rally, which shall take the place of the weekly church prayer meeting, and which will reach many never found at the usual missionary meetings of the church. At the first missionary meeting of the year let the missionary committee of the Endeavor Society invite a member of the auxiliary to give an account of its work during the year, including subjects studied, amount given, and objects aided. As the larger organization, let the Endeavor Society secure a good missionary library and a set of missionary maps, and place these at the disposal of the auxiliary.

Let the Junior Auxiliary recognize and thank God for the fact that from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor the cause of missions,

foreign as well as home, is to receive a wonderful and blessed impetus as the years go by; that ripples of influence are going out from it which will break at last on the shores of eternity; that its missionary work must be pushed at every hazard, for in the Christian Endeavor Society is the church of the future. If that church of the future is to be more zealous than the church of to-day in bringing the uttermost parts of the earth to Christ, a work which will tell on time and eternity is to be done with the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. In this work the members of the Junior Auxiliaries, our missionary experts, if they are wise to see and use their opportunities, will have a very large share.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Protestant Missions: Their Rise and Early Progress. Lectures by Rev. A. C. Thompson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1894. 12mo. Pp. 310. Price, \$1.75.

This book is wise, authoritative, and full of the author's well-known historical and spiritual insight. It is the ripe and precious result of a life time of study. For forty years Chairman of the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., Dr. Thompson has been identified with the practical workings of foreign missions, both in connection with the Board and through a long pastorate. He has already given to the world two books on allied subjects—one entitled "Moravian Missions," and the other "Foreign Missions, Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conferences."

Dr. Thompson's private library of missionary literature numbers between three and four thousand volumes and pamphlets, which he designates as "helpful though incomplete." In the prefatory note to this volume Dr. Thompson defines his idea of what a lectureship on foreign missions in the theological seminary should include. He says it "should first occupy itself with such scriptural facts and principles as pertain fundamentally to this department. Reverent, patient, and scholarly attention should be given to the nature and scope of Christ's kingdom; its divinely appointed agencies; the obligations, motives, and methods incumbent, the obstacles to be overcome; the predicted earthly period; its varied fortunes and final triumph. There is eminent need that sound exegesis be applied to the prophecies, parables, and symbols in both Testaments which relate to the kingdom and to the church of our Lord."

The eleven lectures which form this volume, revised and adapted to the history of modern Protestant missions, were originally given before the Hartford Theological Seminary. As the sub-title implies, they deal with

the rise and early efforts of the Dutch, English, Colonial, Danish, and Moravian missions. Four of the lectures treat of individual missionaries. One is devoted to Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, that first American pebble thrown into the sea of missions. The second is a character sketch of David Brainerd, whose brief but intense life has been the inspiration of many an ardent missionary worker in our day. Dr. A. J. Gordon, in a recent number of the *Missionary Review*, writes of visiting Brainerd's grave under the snow at Northampton, and he traces his interest in missions to an early acquaintance with David Brainerd's life. A third lecture is devoted to Schwartz, the representative German missionary, who ranks with Brainerd, Eliot, and Carey. One evening as I stood at sunset on the Rock of Trichinopoly, and listened to the clang of heathenish music going on in the adjoining temple of Siva, it was a relief to look toward Tanjore, where Schwartz lies buried, and to think that in and about this town three thousand converts were the fruits of the faithful teaching of this man. A fourth characterization is that of Hans Egede, the Danish missionary to Greenland.

An appendix and footnotes show the numerous sources from which Dr. Thompson has gathered these valuable facts in the history of missions, and an index also enriches the volume.

Dr. Thompson's style is remarkable for lucidity, point, and emphasis, as well as condensation and grace.

Among the Tibetans. By Isabella Bird Bishop, F.R.G.S. With illustrations by Edward Whympers. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto. Pp. 159. Price, \$1.

This adventurous traveler has always pursued "unbeaten tracks," whether in the Rocky Mountains or in the Sandwich Islands, as well as in Japan and Tibet. When we met in Edinburgh, in 1881, I asked her if through physical weariness and satiety she did not sometimes lose the receptivity and responsiveness which are essential to the enthusiastic observer; and she replied that her experiences were usually so unique that she forgot physical discomforts. One might imagine a muscular, Amazonian type of woman who could perform such prodigies of travel as are narrated in this latest account of her wanderings; but this strong will, this spirit of daring adventure, this capacity of physical endurance, are enshrined in a remarkably fragile and sensitive earthly tenement.

Mrs. Bishop is a keen observer of natural beauties, as well as of the manners and customs of a strange people. A missionary in China once said to me that she acted as Isabella Bird's guide one day in Canton, and though they both had the opportunity of looking at the same things, she was

astonished to find how much more Miss Bird had actually seen than she. Miss Bird had doubtless an object in seeing which her *cicerone* had not, and her ability of observation had increased by use and training. Tibet is a *terra incognita* to most of us, and one rises from the reading of this little volume with a feeling of gratitude to Mrs. Bishop for undertaking such a perilous journey and giving us the results of her investigations. The Tibetans do their praying and reading by proxy. Prayer mills, sometimes so large as to be turned by water power; prayer wheels, which can be whirled in the hand; prayer flags, which flutter from innumerable poles,—are their medium of communication with the unseen powers. In the winter the lamas go from house to house and read the sacred classics, which consist of Buddhist metaphysics and philosophy. By this means the family accumulate merit. Those who can afford it have a twelve-volume book read by as many lamas, each taking a page and all reading at the same time in a loud voice, and at a most rapid pace.

Mrs. Bishop speaks with enthusiasm of the Moravian missionaries, who are in sole possession of that field. She says: "It is only by sharing their circumstances of isolation, and by getting glimpses of their everyday life and work, that one can realize at all what the heroic perseverance and self-sacrificing toil of these forty years have been, and what is the weighty influence on the people and on the standard of morals, even though the number of converts is so small."

This volume is very interesting as a book of travel, besides having unique value as a discussion of missions in a comparatively unexplored region.

G. H. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Fleming H. Revell Co. *Chinese Characteristics*. By Arthur H. Smith, twenty-two years a missionary of the American Board in China. Pp. 342. Price, \$2. *The Student Missionary Enterprise*. Addresses and Discussions of the Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions held at Detroit, Mich., February 28th to March 4th, 1894. Pp. 362. Price, \$1.50. *Among the Maories; or, Daybreak in New Zealand*. By Jesse Page. Pp. 160. Price, 75 cents. *The Missionary Daily Text Book*. Price, 75 cents.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

February.—Thirty Years in India. See LIFE AND LIGHT for January.

March.—Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in Mission Fields.

April.—The Apostle of Japan. Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima.

May.—Earliest and Latest Workers in China. Rev. Robert Morrison and others.

June.—Medical Work in Mission Fields.

TOPIC FOR MARCH.

WE suggest that the meetings on this topic be made the occasion of union in some form with the Christian Endeavor Society in the church as may seem best in the different localities. Perhaps the simplest arrangement would be to invite the Endeavor Society to attend the meeting, securing as large an attendance as possible, suiting the time and place to their convenience. Let the missionary committee or other members have some part of the programme.

For the programme, we suggest that brief talks be given on the Christian Endeavor Societies in mission fields, not forgetting to make the need of the work prominent. For these talks Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark's book, "Our Journey Around the World," affords good material. A copy of the book is in the Woman's Board circulating library, and it would be well if a copy could be placed in every Sunday-school library. For a foundation for the talks, we suggest that the condensed statements in the Christian Endeavor year book be used (price ten cents), and that incidents be added from articles in *The Golden Rule* for 1893, February 9th and March 2d (Japan), March 9th and 19th (China), March 30th and April 27th (India), May 25th, June 1st, 8th and 15th, June 22d and 29th (Spain), in *LIFE AND LIGHT* for July and November, 1890, June and November, 1893, and October, 1894; also the article on page 62 of this number. It might be well also to have a brief talk on the way in which the Christian Endeavor Society can aid the interests of the Board in the church where the meeting is held. The Christian Endeavor year book and copies of *The Golden Rule* may be obtained at Christian Endeavor Headquarters, 646 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from November 18 to December 18, 1894.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Augusta, the Alice W. Harlow M. B., 10, Aux., 25 const. L. M. Miss Anna A. Potter, 50; Bangor, Aux., 3; Biddeford, Second Cong. Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 3; Portland, Y. L. M. B., 50, Williston Ch. (of wh. 42.85 Thank Off.), 53; Fox-

croft and Dover, Cong. Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Bridgton, Aux., 5.50, Woodford's Cong. Ch. S. S., Prim. Dept., 1; Bath, Winter St. Aux., 112; Camden, Aux., 29.50; Thomaston, Aux., 14, S. S., 2.50; Phippsburg, S. S., 1.50; Newcastle, S. S., 8; Waldoboro, S. S., 7.

360 00	
Total,	360 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>Atkinson</i> .—A Friend,	1 00
<i>New Hampshire Branch</i> .—Miss A. E. McIntire, Treas. Boscawen, Aux., 20; Campton, Aux., 21.40; Concord, Aux., 26, Thank Off., 27.37, Miss Helen McG. Ayers (complete self L. M.), 10; Dover, Aux., 50, Thank Off., 7; Exeter, Aux., 2; Farmington, Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. George M. Herring), 36; Greenland, Aux., Thank Off., 28.20; Hanover, Aux., 110.25, Thank Off., 49.71; Hillsboro Bridge, Aux., 5; Nashua, Aux., 26.47, Thank Off., 2.50, A Friend, 12; New Ipswich, 8.75,	442 65
Total,	443 65

VERMONT.

Miss F. J. Fowler,	5 00
<i>Vermont Branch</i> .—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Barton Landing and Brownington, Aux., 1.50; Brattleboro, West, 10.77, Primary S. S. Class, 75 cts.; Burlington (of wh. Thank Off., 15), 70; Fairfax, Mrs. Eliza J. Purmont, 2; Ludlow, 3.93, M. C., 3.03; Lyndon, 5; Newport, Mrs. E. J. Richmond, Thank Off., 5; Peacham, 6; Randolph, 3.92, Y. P. S. C. E., 7.88; Rutland, West, 13.65; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., 59.50; Pittsford, 5. Less Expenses, 129.80,	68 13
Total,	73 13

LEGACY.

<i>Vermont Branch</i> .—Estate of Emeline H. Wallace, Barnet, Vt.,	13 88
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MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Acton</i> .—Cong. Ch.,	10 00
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch</i> .—Mrs. C. E. Swett, Treas. Andover, Old South Ch., Y. L. Soc. of Christian Workers, 37.06; Malden, Maplewood Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Arthur T. Tufts), 10.06; Lawrence, A Friend, 5; Medford, Union Cong. Ch., Aux., 5; Winchester, Jun. Seek and Save Circle, 50; Medford, Aux. (of wh. 100 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Mary C. Boynton, Mrs. Lucy T. Moore, Mrs. Josephine Work, Miss Almira J. Stetson), 111; Woburn, Woburn Workers, 60; Lowell, Pawtucket Ch., Aux., 28.91; North Woburn, Aux., 23.25; Lowell, First Ch., Aux., 200; West Medford, Aux., 31; Woburn, Aux., 117.25; Wakefield, Aux., 44; Dracont, Centre Ch., 18.26; Lowell, Union Ch., 191.45; Winchester, Mission Union, Aux., 25.	988 24
<i>Aburn</i> .—Mrs. Braman Rich,	20 00
<i>Barnstable Branch</i> .—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, Ch., 10, Aux., 5; Hyannis, Aux., 5; Truro, Aux., 4, Thank Off., 5; Sandwich, Thank Off., 20; Waquoit, Thank Off., 11.50; Orleans, Thank Off., 2, Thank Off. at Annual Meeting, 5.70; Sandwich, Aux., 8.50; South Dennis, Aux., 9; North Falmouth, Aux., 20,	105 70
<i>Berkshire Branch</i> .—Mrs. C. E. West, Treas. Adams, 22.10, Christian Jun. End., 10; Dalton, Young Ladies, 58.10; Canaan Four Corners, Aux., 8.25; Housatonic, Aux. (of wh. 28.75 Thank Off.), 44.07; Lee, Senior Aux., 16.10, Junior	

Aux., 111; North Adams, Aux., 20; Pern, Top Twig M. C., 15; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 83.39, South Ch., Aux., 31; Richmond, Aux., 31.50; South Egremont, Aux., 25.35; Williamstown, Aux., 245,	720 86
<i>Enfield</i> .—Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y,	40 00
<i>Essex No. Branch</i> .—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Newburyport, Belleville, Aux., 26.08; Merrimac, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; South Byfield, Helen Noyes, M. B., 7; Haverhill, A Church Member, 1; Newburyport, Aux. (of wh. 75 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Caroline E. Thurston, Mrs. John H. Reid, Miss Charlotte M. Smith), 185.84; Bradford, Aux., 74.81,	299 73
<i>Essex So. Branch</i> .—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch. Aux., 154; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., 50.50,	204 50
<i>Florence</i> .—A Friend,	1 00
<i>Franklin Co. Branch</i> .—Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas. Ashfield, Aux., 7; Bernardston, Aux., 3; Greenfield, Aux., 4.25; Northfield, Aux., 10; Shelburne, Aux., 9.50; Shelburne Falls, Aux., 15; South Deerfield, Aux., 10.50; Sunderland, Aux., 5; Whately, Aux., 3.71; East Charlemont, Jun. Aux., 1.50,	69 46
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss H. J. Kneeland, Treas. Belchertown, Aux., L. M.'s, Mrs. Maria D. S. Longley and Harriet E. Alden, 50; Hadley, Aux. (of wh. 31 Thank Off.), 85.57; Hatfield, Aux., 24.38, Wide Awakes, 10; Granby, Aux., 18.20; Northampton, Aux., First Ch. Div., 34.50, Jun. Aux., 30, Additional Thank Off., 2.50; Westhampton, Aux., 10.25; Worthington, Aux., 11; South Hadley, Mount Holyoke College, 230,	506 40
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Framingham, Schneider Band, 4.79; Natick, Aux., 97.60, Framingham, Jun. Aux., 15; South Framingham, Aux., Thank Off., 11; Wellesley, Aux., Thank Off., 13.77,	147 16
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mary A. B. Dyer, Treas. Plymouth, Aux.,	27 00
<i>Northampton</i> .—A Friend,	82 00
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Concord, Aux., 31.50, Trinitarian Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10, S. S. Miss'y Ass'n, 40; Ayer, Aux., 15,	96 50
<i>Springfield Branch</i> .—Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Springfield, Hope Ch., Mission Reserves, 10, Memorial Ch., 3,	13 00
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Auburndale, Aux, 27; Boston, Berkeley Temple, Aux, 31, Old South Ch., Young Ladies' Soc., 150, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 63, Young Ladies' Soc., 110; Brighton, Cong. Jun., Y. P. S. C. E., 5, Aux. (of wh. 50 const. L. M.'s Mrs. William Munroe, Miss Fannie Baldwin), 149.24; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 100; Cambridge, North Avenue Ch., 30; Cambridgeport, Prospect St. Ch., Aux., 55, Thank Off., 5.56; Charlestown, Winthrop Aux., 103.46, First Ch., Aux., 43; Chelsea, Women Workers, Central Ch., 12, Third Ch., Aux., 16; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 22.08, Central Cong. Ch., Aux., 10, A Friend, 40 cts., Harvard Ch., Aux., 15, Second Ch., Y. L. M. S., 100.16, Louise R. Ufford, 1, Aux., by Mrs. Wm. Wales, const. L. M., Miss Mary Alice Little, 25, Village Ch., Aux., 5; East Boston, Madura Aux., 40.50; Everett, First Ch., Ladies' Miss'y and	

Aid Soc'y, 5; Hyde Park, Jun. Y. P. S. C. E., 15, Aux., 124; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux. (of wh. 100 const. L. M.'s Mrs. H. P. Kenway, Miss Elizabeth Spear, Miss Caroline Spear, Miss C. B. Barnes), 167; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., by a friend to const. L. M. Miss Mary A. R. Smith, a Thank Off., 25, Immanuel Ch. (of wh. 50 by Mrs. M. A. Low, const. L. M.'s Mrs. Charles H. Beale, Mrs. G. S. Low), 87.18; Somerville, Mrs. Webster and daughters, 8.10, Broadway Ch., Aux., Thank Off., 54.34; South Boston, Phillips Ch., 89; Waltham, Aux. (of wh. 50 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Harriet E. Palmer, Mrs. Margaret Ellen Scammon), 84.43; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 12; West Roxbury, Aux., 1; West Somerville, Aux., 5,	1,810 45
<i>Sutton</i> —Aux.,	26 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. A. Sumner, Treas. West Brookfield, Y.P.S.C.E. and two S. S. classes, 15; Fitchburg, C. C. Ch., Aux., Thank Off., 20; Gilbertville, Aux., mite boxes, 8.14; Holden, Aux., Thank Off., 15; Lancaster, Aux. (of wh. 50 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Sophronia M. Bailey, Mrs. Tryphosa D. Jemison), 62; Millbury, First Ch., Aux., 2, Mrs. George A. Putnam, 10; Princeton, Mountain Climbers M. C., 12; Royalston, 3.50; Southbridge, 9.75; Uxbridge, 11.35; West Boylston, Miss M. D. Goodell's S. S. Class, 8.50; Ware, S. S. Class, 7; Westborough, Aux., 5; West Brookfield, Y. P. S. C. E., 10, Miss Ella Day's Class of little girls, 2.50, Miss Hattie R. Crowell's class of boys, 2.50; Webster, Aux., mite boxes, 42.74; Worcester, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 5.30, Thank Off., 47.70, Cradle Roll, 2, Summer St. Aux., 12, Jun. End., 5, Park Ch., King's Messengers, 9.75; Spencer, Aux., prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Natian Prouty,	328 73
A Missionary Friend,	1 00
Total,	5,482 73

LEGACY.

<i>Boston.</i> —Legacy of Susan Collins,	200 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss A. T. White, Treas. Nayatt, Miss Harriet L. Draper,	20 00
Total,	20 00

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., 5.25, Broadway Ch. Mission Students, 1.45; Taftville, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Samuel Prentice, 25; Brooklyn, Aux. 11.19; Danielsonville, Aux., Thank Off., 63.35; New London, First Ch., Aux., 93.30; Greenville, Aux., 9,	208 54
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<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Coventry, Aux., Thank Off., 5.50; Hartford, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 by a friend, const. L. M. Mrs. Frederick W. Davis), 34. Boys and Girls M. C., 7.60, Pearl St. Ch. Aux. (of wh. 75 const. L. M.'s Mrs. F. U. Allen, Elizabeth Frances Moore, Mrs. Charles R. Burt, 25 by Mrs. W. P. Williams const. L. M. Miss May A. Hurlburt), 248;	
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Plainville, Coral Workers M. C., 14.65; Hartford, Pearl St. Ch., S. S., 40,	659 75
<i>Woodstock.</i> —A Friend,	4 40

Total,	872 69
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NEW YORK.

<i>Brooklyn.</i> —Mrs. Jones,	10 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Miss C. A. Holmes, Treas. Aquebogue, Aux., 11, Albany, First Ch., 25; Buffalo, Mrs. W. G. Bancroft, 125, First Ch., Aux., 125; Brooklyn, Tompkins Ave., King's Daughters, 50, S. S., 50, East Ch., Aux., 15, Lewis Ave., 50, Central Ch., 110; Cambridge, 12.50; Copenhagen, 6.75; Cortland, 10; Corning, 15; Flushing, 25, Young Woman's Aux., 6.69; Fairport, 25.50; Honeoye (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Frank A. Ashley), 35; Homer, Mrs. Joseph Stebbins, 2, Mrs. Coleman Hitchcock, 5; Hopkinton, Ch., 18.86; Lockport, First Ch., Aux., 42; New York, Bedford Park, S. S., 3.25; Norwich, const. L. M. Mrs. J. B. Turner, 25; Neath, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Newark Valley, Aux., 22; Owego, 6; Oswego, 52.50; Port Leyden, 10; Riverhead, 50; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Ladies' Union, 25, Y. P. S. C. E., 5, Geddes Ch., Willing Workers, 10; West Winfield, Wide Awakes, const. L. M. Miss Elsie E. Spicer, 25, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. F. A. Wheeler, 25; Walton, Aux., 18.60; Warsaw, 60.21; Carthage, Y. P. S. C. E., 2.50; Plattsburgh, Mrs. P. D. Moore, 3.80. Less Expenses, 28,	1,086 16
Total,	1,096 16

NEW JERSEY.

<i>Roselle.</i> —Mrs. J. H. Tenney,	25 40
Total,	25 40

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 18.85; N. J., East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., Thank Off., 49, Pilgrim Band, 10; Glen Ridge, Mission Band, 5; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 3; Orange Valley, Aux., 44.05; Paterson, Aux., Thank Off., 23, S. S., 18.02; Westfield, S. S., 33.18,	204 10
Total,	204 10

CANADA.

Canadian Woman's Board,	7 70
Total,	7 70

FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>Smyrna, Turkey.</i> —American School, King's Daughters,	26 40
Total,	26 40
General Funds,	8,611 96
Variety Account,	110 91
Legacies,	213 88
Total,	\$8,936 75

MISS HARRIET W. MAY,
Ass't Treas.



THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

BY MARIE SMITH, PANG-CHUANG, CHINA.

The following article was written by the daughter of Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, of North China, who is hardly sixteen years of age:—

WILL you come and play missionary a little while, gentle friend, and see what it is that worries the new missionary so? If for the first year after she has come out she does not write to her friends, until those of them who are so unenlightened as not to take *Life and Light* think that the heathen must have devoured her indeed, what is the matter? The language. And if she gets tired lines in her forehead, and sits up nights, and begins to break down, what is at the root of it? The language. And when, in spite of her missionary zeal, she doesn't report anything about going on tours, and fighting idolatry, and converting the heathen, it is because she is spending seven hours a day studying the language. What is this dragon that guards so jealously the entrance to any missionary work? A very mild-looking dragon he seems at the first encounter. He doesn't assail his victim with a declension or a conjugation, with a regular gender, number, person, or case. Alas! some day she will wish he had; but his one tool is more powerful than all, and its name is Idiom. It is as wide as the language, and as unfathomable as the ocean.

The victim dreads at first to encounter her foe; she wonders if the natives will laugh at her, and think her very stupid. Her fear is soon at rest; never a smile does she see, and, except from her teacher, never a hint of correction reaches her ears. Her Bible woman, whom our young friend has asked to help her in her laborious task, never mentions that "twain pounds of meat" is not a natural form of expression. She not improbably prides herself on copying elaborately the beginner's mistakes in their mutual conversation.

If her ear is not quite correct, or she does not take a friendly warning in time, our friend may indeed go through a whole missionary career pronouncing certain classes of words entirely wrong. There are in Chinese speech two factors tending to produce that uncertainty of meaning so exasperating to the Occidental. One is homophony, which, as a gifted writer has remarked, is "an euphonious name to denote a vicious thing." A few words in our own language feebly illustrate this characteristic. Bear, bear, bare, bore; here are at least four different meanings to one sound, and these certainly seem to offer a sufficient scope for punning and ambiguity. But think of a language in which every sound has anywhere from a dozen to fifty wholly separate and distinct meanings. Why, every ordinary remark is an unavoidable pun; conversation is largely composed of spontaneous riddles. The more we contemplate the idea, and philosophize about it, the more we are tempted to say that such a language would be a natural impossibility, and dismiss the phantom we have conjured up. But, kind friend, as you are for the time being in the place of the poor missionary, and are confronted with the fact that the language is, you may care to notice how it may be, comprehensible.

First, there are devices known as *toues*; but we need not dwell long on them, for there are only four of them, or in some dialects eight, and at best they can only serve to narrow the ambiguity. To be sure, power is given them to worry the poor victim unmercifully, for the tone of every word must be learned and remembered; but, after all, in common speech they are not of so much use to distinguish ambiguous words as to emphasize the correct idiom and to give a certain native swing to the speech; but her old enemy, idiom, becomes the beginner's ally. Certain combinations, certain phrases, certain enclitics for certain words, prevent thought from being thrown into confusion at every remark. But though the difficulty is lessened it is not removed, and especially remains in understanding proverbs, every word of which, at the first hearing, is often either understood wrongly or not at all. This is owing to their condensed form and peculiar idiom. Even supposing every character to be correctly apprehended, what idea is conveyed to the mind by the proverb, "Thousand mouths quail, one mouth lost"? Has this singular bird mislaid one of his mouths? Was the unfortunate single mouth overcome by the majority? Did the quail lose the mouth, or the mouth the quail? Even when we realize that "mouth" signifies both the bill and the peck delivered therewith, we are not much enlightened. To the initiated, however, this conveys the idea that the quail, capable of a thousand pecks, is at the first peck vanquished—that is, by some superior quail.

The new recruit is encouraged by seeing a veteran stand astonished before the messenger who has been sent to her on behalf of a family of refugees for a twine cup, while the young missionary, who has happened to light upon the right combination, understands that he wants an old bedquilt.

The other factor in the ambiguity that killeth all sense is the rudimentary condition of the language—a language of mere roots, where a word may be all the principal parts of speech at once; where it expresses an idea, and all cognate to it; where, except expressed by a few vague auxiliaries, there is neither tense, nor person, nor number. What can one do with such a

tongue? Rather, what can one not do with it when it is desired for pithy maxims, and for much in small compass? It is interesting to notice in a book of translations the lines of English required to translate a few words of Chinese, generally occupying three or four times the space. But, oh, the difference to me! The one rendering is lucid, probably unmistakable in meaning; the other very likely needs a commentary to unfold it. In conversation, less condensed and epigrammatic in form, the uncertainty is not quite so great, yet quite sufficient for the discipline of the saints who are so audacious as to attempt accuracy in their statements. Your teacher tells you that "one came not." Does he mean that not one came, or that one did not come? The form of this sentence, like that of so many others, gives no clue to the alternative. Suppose a sentence in simplest form, "He says he will come," represented in Chinese by three words—*T'a shuo lai*. This may be translated into English, "He, she, or it says, said, say, or saying, comes, come, coming, or will, might, may, would, or should come." There is almost always a best way, and always a correct, and to a native a natural, way of saying a thing; but, alas! it is usually the last to occur to the unfortunate Occidental.

And then almost worse than all, is that will-o'-the-wisp we call *accent*, which marks so fatally the speech of those who might otherwise be fine speakers. How few people ever manage to catch the intonation, the very voice of the Chinese themselves. So subtle is this characteristic that many speakers never discover, perhaps, that they have it not.

As the learner advances into an understanding of what is spoken around her, it is only to discover more unsounded depths beyond. How many words, phrases, and turns of expression that an average missionary cannot explain, may be introduced by an ignorant woman in a few minutes' talk! If the unfortunate inquirer seeks for a minute to catch the fleeting phrase by stemming the little stream of conversation, it eddies round and round in perplexity at the interruption, and finally bursts over the obstruction in a little bewildered torrent of explanation, and whirls the phrase hopelessly out of sight.

For, willing and anxious as Chinese friends may be to help one, they seem almost universally lacking in the intuitive apprehension of what is wanted, and the faculty of assisting one to get at it.

Occidental lines of thought are, indeed, so foreign to them that they sometimes seem to render as little aid as possible.

We must admit that the difficulties of understanding Chinese are frequently due to unnecessary carelessness in its use.

The uneducated class, with which the missionary chiefly comes in contact, has a peculiar knack of rendering the Chinese language unintelligible, not by their dialect, which may be perfectly familiar to the hearers, but by their perfectly childish disjointed form of narrative. Still, one must learn to understand their stories. Imagine a case: Great persecution arises in a district at some distance. A woman from the persecuted family comes up to see her pastor. She wishes him to manage the case, but it must, of course, first be investigated; and our friend, now in the respectable maturity of her missionary life, is deputed to find out the details. Seated by her kind

missionary teacher, and holding her hand, she pours forth her heart. Feebly can our language illustrate such a talk. (Let the dotted lines represent incomprehensible words and phrases.)

"Came out, reviled the street, . . . four neighbors wouldn't stand it."

"Stop a minute! Who reviled?"

"Why, my third uncle, my cousin had escorted his father, you know he was so angry."

"Oh, stop, elder sister-in-law; I don't understand at all! Why did your third uncle revile the street?" (which, let us whisper in your ear, means addressing a long and vociferous catalogue of one's woes to the world in general, with all the bad language the screamer has at command).

"Why he was so angry, you know, . . . and my second uncle was escorted . . . his son is a church member."

"Where did your second uncle's son escort him to?"

Look of blank amazement.

"Why he died, you know, and his son escorted him—my third uncle."

"Oh! you mean his funeral."

"Yes, of course . . . they never did like each other, my third uncle's mother . . . my second uncle was in front, you know."

"In front of what?"

The interrupted sister looks a little bit impatient.

"Why, in front—in front—you know, he was the first wife's child. My third uncle never did believe in the Christian doctrine, and they are dividing the land. . . . They won't give my second uncle's folks any."

"Wait a minute. Why did your second uncle's funeral make your third uncle so angry?"

"Why, wasn't it a Christian funeral, and 'didn't my third uncle hate the doctrine? And what can they do?" . . .

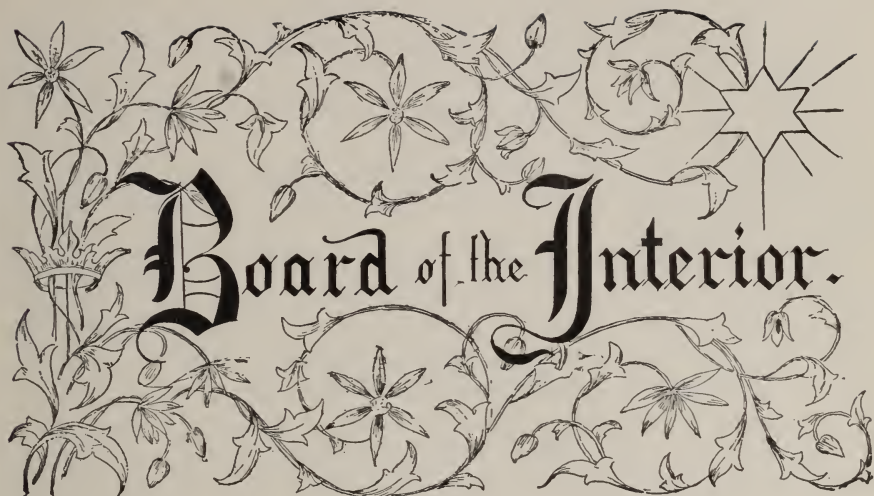
"Wait, wait a minute; why wasn't the land equally divided?"

Look of keen unhappiness on the face of story-teller.

"Why, did number three, my uncle, didn't he hate the rest because they were Christians, and number two had a Christian funeral, and he would not speak to them? They are going to divide the land, and he arranges it so his sons shall get it all," etc., and forward through sloughs like this the story progresses.

Yes, there are more successful ways of concealing thought in words than have yet been discovered by daily newspapers and Latin historians, and yet, after all is said, our thought turns with a sort of loyal affection to the ancient tongue of our adoption.

What pride and reverence we feel for its hoary antiquity! How we exult in its matchless fluidity, except when we have to engage in single combat with it! How we realize the value of its inimitable expressions when we try to translate them into our own tongue! Good and evil, bitter and sweet, lie before the student; but, oh! wonder not at the time she must devote to her task, for, much as it must absorb of energy and thought, this study is indisputably necessary to missionary work and not unfruitful in itself. "Have patience," it seems to say, "and I will pay thee all."



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

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WHERE shall we look for reliable news of political events in Turkey? Not, certainly, to letters from our missionaries, since the careful supervision of mails exercised by Turkish authorities is likely to exclude from them all reference to political matters, whether written or printed.

This, at least, is known: that our missionaries have always counseled obedience and submission to the Government. In this respect they follow the example of St. Paul, who, while a subject of the Emperor Nero, wrote, "The powers that be are ordained of God."

The future of China and of Japan, as well as of Turkey, no one can foretell. We can only look forward to the fulfillment of the sure word of prophecy that all the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of Christ, and that all nations shall serve him. Our prayer should be more

constant and fervent, "Thy kingdom come." An article written for the Home Department, by one of our missionaries, will impress upon us the need of the prayers of those at home for those in the field.

OUR missionaries in Peking are all quietly at their work, as are all our missionaries in China. Notices have been posted by the government that the war is with Japan, and that all other foreigners are to be protected, and that their property is not to be molested.

So far as we know all is quiet in Japan. Let us pray that God will keep them from the fear of evil in these lands where war, with its attendant evils, is holding sway.

THE school in Mardin, of which a picture is given us, is for the training of the daughters of the Arabic-speaking people of that region as teachers. Miss Nutting, who has been for several years its principal, is now in this country for rest. She writes of the twenty-five pupils, "They are a selected band." Ten of them sought admission into the church last year.

TURKEY.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MARASH.

THE MOUNTAIN RETREAT.

How many times through the hot spring days did we look to the mountains! Few times, however, that I did not think of the rendering which a Turkish missionary insists is the correct version of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm: "Shall I look unto the hills? From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord, who made the heaven and the earth!" And He did help me, so that the end of my vacation found me unusually strong physically, and courageous enough to attempt anything.

How I should like to tell you all about our tiny shelters, made of poles interwoven with cedar branches, and the floors also of the cedars; the narrow "road" beds on which we slept out under Syrian stars; the great, patriarchal cedars of Lebanon, one being twenty-one feet in circumference, and forming the end of Mrs. W.'s hut. Their branches extend perfectly flat and fanlike for forty feet; and to look up into one of these by the light of a bonfire, made one feel that she was living in the days of tree ferns, so beautifully did the branches show against the flat foliage. The branches formed the roof of our dining room. The little cones were set straight up on the branches above the needles, giving a peculiar effect. I could only think of babies set out on the flat roof to sun.

"NURITZA."

I have been relieved of the greater share of my last year's work in order to have more time for the language. This is made possible by the return of our Nuritza from Constantinople, where she has been preparing herself for teaching here. Our Nuritza is really a remarkable girl, and in every way compares most favorably with our educated girls at home. But the polish is not at all superficial; it only adds a strong luster to genuine Christian character. I am sure that it is a good thing to have her here, because the girls all hope to become like her; and they cannot be fully persuaded that orderliness, and exactness in thought and speech, are not peculiar to Americans, or at least easier to them.

KHUZMIE'S STORY.

KHUZMIE is a young widow twenty-one or twenty-two years old, she thinks; bright, good-looking, and with a spirit clothed with that pathetic quiet which comes from a varied experience of the tragic results of human passions.

A year or two before her birth her father became a priest in the Syriac church, that venerable body whose basis truths, received in apostolic times, have become so overlaid with traditions and customs that her people must go heart-hungry, while all the rites and ceremonies bind them hand and foot from entering the way of life. A mother desiring especial favor to her little boy from the patron saint whose name he bears, makes a wax candle, year by year, equal in length to the height of her growing boy, and presents him with the lighted candle at the shrine of the saint. And devoted mothers will take wearisome pains to secure a spoonful of earth from "Saint" Elijah's grave. (not minding the amusement of those who read in the Bible that Elijah was not buried anywhere, much less near Mardin!) since great good is supposed to accrue to a child whose food is mixed with such earth. And those observing the long fasts—and how can they eat and be accursed!—become inefficient for their daily work through weakness, and during the frequent feast days to saints, when business would be even more sacrilegious than on Sabbath, the loss of custom and the demoralization of their drinking carousals harm their trade endlessly. So it is scarcely to be wondered at that these priest-ridden people are mostly very poor. So much for customs and traditions!

So Khuzmie's father, after his novitiate, became a priest, administering the sacraments and reading the Book in an "unknown tongue"; for the

ancient Syriac, the interesting language which most closely resembles that used by Christ and his first disciples, is little understood now. Khuzmie's mother was a quiet, peaceable, good-tempered woman, and both parents were especially fond of their only daughter, who grew up well cared for among her three older brothers, more beloved than most girls of this land.

Their home was in one village after another, among the mountains; for, because of the family or village feuds, one party often arise and kill, rob, destroy, and drive out as many as they can of the opposing party. So their home was frequently changed, and was often only an ill-built stone hut in a village of similar houses, and their possessions were chiefly vineyards and flocks, whose original ownership it would be hard to state, since whichever party is the stronger, seize whatever the enemy possess, killing all who oppose. Khuzmie's father, being a priest, had a more settled life than many of his neighbors, and became quite rich in fields and flocks, raising some wheat, but gaining most of his income from his vineyards, since the grapes of that section furnished the best raisins and the best syrup of this region.

So Khuzmie had a quiet, peaceful life as a little girl, not enjoying romping play, but rather to do handiwork in the house, especially the native embroidery of cross-stitch, in silks of rich colors on a dark ground, to be used for women's garments or tobacco pouches for men. When Khuzmie was thirteen years old her parents engaged her to a young man of about thirty years. Some of her relatives, not being pleased with this arrangement, came fully armed with guns, daggers, and the like, to compel the family to change. The eldest brother, who was at the time engaged to a mountain maid, was killed in the affray, and, consequently, according to the mountain custom, the maiden was thereupon given in marriage to the second brother, who was a teacher of such boys as were to become monks or priests; while the third brother became a regular mountain desperado, making a business of murder, rapine, and robbery. But Khuzmie, at the age of fifteen, was married to Oosie, as had been arranged, with unusual parade, even for a native wedding, of guns, and drums, and sword dance; and presents of clothing and gold sent to the bride, who, near the close of the ceremonies, is brought to the groom's house (*i. e.*, his father's), he being supposed never to have seen her before, as she has never seen him! Oosie proved to be an unusually kind, considerate husband, and loved her and their baby, too, even though she was a girl.

Upon some readjustment of the parties at feud, Oosie, belonging to an influential family, was chosen Agha, or chief man of the village; and so Khuzmie's life became even easier than before, since their retainers did all

menial work for her, in return for Oosie's fighting all their feuds for them. Frequently the women, like the Amazons, would take part in these battles; and once, as Oosie was starting out for a fight, his married sister said, "I go, too," and armed herself and went out with him, only to meet an unspeakably ghastly death, while Oosie went on, savagely killing his enemies, and appropriating all their property.

At one time twenty or thirty of both parties fell into a shooting affray right in the yard of Oosie's house, where Khuzmie was with the women sifting wheat; and just as she raised the winnowing basket above her head two shots whizzed through it, but she was unhurt. Death by violence was so common that even the women felt it a matter of course, even when it came into their own homes. One day there was fighting in the yard of John, Oosie's brother, and a man was killed; whereupon the enemy accused John's wife of firing the fatal shot, while she declared it done by a man of her party. But this happened to be one of the rare times when the government attempts to execute justice among these wild people, and John's wife was arrested and imprisoned, and after a time sent off in a caravan with soldiers to a safer prison, five or six days' away; but in the midst of the hardships of the way her baby was born, and both mother and baby died.

About this time Khuzmie's little girl died of a tumor, and another baby girl came to her, like a flower blossoming in a battlefield. During these days, also, there arose a great tumult in the village, caused by one of the acts considered there a heinous sin,—as bloodshed and robbery are not. A Moslem induced the wife of a Nazarene (Christian) to become one of his wives, and in order to accomplish this he murdered the husband. Thereupon her own brothers seized her and put her to death, and then killed her husband's murderer. Thus arose another feud and division of parties in the village.

At this time John took as his second wife a young girl of twelve years,—a usual custom,—not at all fit to care for his three children. After a while a few Yezidee families, to the number of about fifteen men, who had been previously retainers of John, concluded to join allegiance to his brother Oosie, instead, and went over to him in a body; which act naturally incensed John; but he bided his time, and one day when going off on some expedition induced one of the Yezidees to accompany him. He at first refused; but when Oosie, not suspecting enmity, urged, he finally consented. When well out on the road John tied the man hand and foot, and deliberately shot him! For this, added to his other misdeeds, he was arrested, and taken to the capital of the province for trial; and when the Yezidees found John taken out of reach of their vengeance, they determined to take blood



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL IN MARDIN.

revenge on his next of kin, even though it was Oosie, their feudal lord. But when the priests learned this they talked with each party, and finally induced them to proclaim peace to all concerned, and Oosie's party made a great feast for the Yezidees in token of peace, at which all ate together; and of course after that, according to the Oriental code, it would be rank treachery for any one to kill another. So when, during the evening after the feast, some of the Yezidees came to Oosie's home, saying, "Come on over to our house and have a talk, since we all are at peace again," Oosie started to go. "Oh, don't go!" Khuzmie pleaded; but he said, "Do not be afraid; it's all right now," and went with the men. And Khuzmie, anxiously waiting alone with her baby, soon heard from the roof of a neighboring house a woman of the Yezidees shrieking out, with a fiendishly taunting cry, "They have killed your husband; now our blood is avenged!" And it was even so; for in proof a party of men soon came in, and right before Khuzmie's eyes took everything they cared for of her husband's property, though offering no violence to her.

After that, all belonging to the party of Oosie or John had to flee from the village, and they scattered about in the villages two or three days' distant, about twenty families taking refuge in the city where John was imprisoned; for at his trial he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, but as a sign of clemency the rulers, on his birthday, cut five years off this sentence.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MISS IDA MELLINGER.

OORFA, TURKEY, Oct. 26, 1894.

MY DEAR SECRETARY: I wonder if you love nature as I do! This summer I walked alone, climbed the mountains alone, and sat alone under the great cedar of Lebanon trees, and rested and drank in the grandeur which just filled and expanded my soul. In my four years of missionary life I have never before been where it was safe to be alone with nature, and coming so near the heart of nature, I understand God's heart in a new and wonderful way. I come back to my work feeling new love for all the people. An outline of yesterday's work will give you quite a definite idea of how my time is occupied at present. After breakfast there is an hour of Armenian study, then a call on a very poor family. The man and his wife had both been very near death, and owned not enough of this world's goods to call a physician. The doctor was sent for the day before, and I was to watch

the cases and report. The man had grown worse, and the woman had forgotten her own weakness in her anxiety for him, and was tenderly and patiently caring for him—showing more love than the people usually show. The day before the man seemed dying, and again I sent for the doctor; he was so busy he could not come. The woman began to weep, for fear her husband would die. When I told her it would make her weak and disturb him, she ceased, and kneeling down beside him where he lay on a few rags, she began to fan him with a piece of cloth. Yesterday when I called he was conscious; the doctor had called, and the wife was radiant with hope. I could not tell her he would live but a few days, for the dark future with four young children would crush her.

From there I go to attend to the eyes of an old man who is blind, but whom the doctor thinks may possibly see a little after a month. I find him on his knees as I enter the room and I hear him asking blessings upon different ones whose circumstances are worse than his own. He is always so bright and cheerful! Then to a little girl of two years who has lost one eye, and the other can be saved only with constant care. She begins screaming the minute she sees me, for the application is painful. I put my arm about her, and she puts her head on my shoulder and says, "I love you, but it hurts me."

The palsied man, who for years has been unable to move his limbs or speak, but who can understand what is said, wants me to read a little to him. I come home, and find a poor girl who wants work to support herself and an aged blind father. An Armenian priest calls. I had called on him a few days before, to let him know the pitiable condition of some of his people. He seems one who has the true interests of the people's good at heart. He now speaks of the awful condition of hundreds who are coming from the famine region north. I had understood that the famine was not so severe this year, but I was misinformed. He also says that of the one thousand who came to this city last year, one half died of disease, hunger, and cold. This priest wants to see the schools, and he is taken first to a kindergarten. It is amusing to see his hearty laughter as he watches the little tots.

In the afternoon I go to call on a sick woman, and a mere trifle causes me to take an unintended street. Close by the street fountain is a withered old woman, nearly blind, who is panting over a heavy pail of water. I offer to take the water, and she hobbles after me to show me her door. She invites me in, and we sit down in her small yard, and she asks me why I "was so kind"; and I speak of the kindness and love of Christ, and open the Word and read to her, and she learns to repeat, "The pure in heart shall see God."

One of the Sunday-school teachers is ill, and I go to her home. She is better, but her little son, a kindergartner, has the fever. As the teacher was absent from the last Sunday-school teachers' meeting, she now asks me about the lesson, and we now study the lesson together. This woman was a daughter of one of our first preachers, but has not always been faithful. Of late there has been much change, and we are rejoiced. She is something of a doctor, and when we read "this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world," she tells me how earnestly she had been

trying to show Christ in the darkened homes she has occasion to enter ; and she agrees with me that we are not ready for the Lord's coming, for we have not done our duty or privileges in regard to the Turks. Going from there, naughty boys throw stones and call loudly after me, and I am obliged to go to their homes and tell their parents, and by so doing make acquaintance of some I shall again visit.

I start home, hoping to get another letter in the outgoing weekly post, when a woman, a stranger to me, asks me to come into her house. A stool is given to me in the yard, and four families gather round me while I read. There is the aged mother, middle-aged women and men, and children of all ages, not one who knows how to read. They are so utterly ignorant that I wonder how I can make the parable of the Ten Virgins simple enough for them to comprehend.

I believe there is never a time when fever is not prevalent, though, of course, some seasons are worse than others. Just now the fever is very severe, and very many have it. Cholera has broken out between here and Aintab, and if it reaches this city I fear many will die, because they are so weakened by fever.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONS.

PLAN OF LESSONS.

1895.

February.—Work of the Woman's Boards.

March.—Bright Bits of History in Turkey.

April.—Miss Maria West.

May.—Work of Our New Missionaries.

June.—What English Women are Doing.

July.—Bright Bits of History in China.

WORK OF THE WOMAN'S BOARDS.

BY MRS. MOSES SMITH.

THE reasons for Woman's Boards as found, first, (*a*) *In the condition of women in the Orient, and under ethnic religions.* Helps: "Women of the Orient," published by Phillips & Hunt, New York; "Women Under the Ethnic Religions," which may be obtained of the W. B. M. I., Room

603, 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, for two cents a copy; "Women of the Arabs." (b) *Women among uncivilized peoples.* Helps: "Mothers and Homes of Africa," to be obtained of the W. B. M. I., addressed as above; "Autobiography of John G. Paton" (New Hebrides), published by F. H. Revell, 148 Madison Street, Chicago, pp. 111-147.

Second, *Organization a necessity for best results.* Helps: *Mission Studies*, February, 1895. *Work of the Woman's Boards abroad.* See *Mission Studies*, February, 1895; files of *Mission Studies*, and LIFE AND LIGHT, and Annual Reports. *What have they done for the churches at home?* See *Mission Studies*, May, 1894, p. 88; *Mission Studies*, February, 1895. *What is the place of Woman's Boards among evangelistic forces?* See *Mission Studies*, February, 1895.

PRAY FOR US.

THOUGH we pray for our missionaries, we do not always realize their great need for our prayers. But sometimes, just as when our own needs are suddenly and clearly revealed, so that we ask as we have not asked before, their needs are made clear and vivid. Then we trust our fervent prayers are felt in heaven and on earth.

These thoughts were induced by the reading of a little book, "The Diary of Mrs. Marcus Whitman." It was published by the Historical Society of Oregon, in 1891, as one result of the awakening desire to pay tribute to the memory of two brave souls, and to acknowledge their great services. The American Board has a grand list of heroes, and among the first were Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife. His services and his ride are growing better known, and Oregon, saved to the Union by him, is discovering and publishing his deeds and her debt,—a debt owed by the whole country.

The diary and letters telling of the journey of these two missionaries to the Indians in Oregon, began in March 15, 1836. The journey ended September 12th. The record tells of hardship, suffering, and sorrow, also of cheerful and unbroken courage. Those who love to read of brilliant deeds, and who are interested in the history of their country, ought to read of Marcus Whitman's work and ride, and of his wife's companionship.

There comes such a revelation in her words of her desires for the prayers of those at home, that it seems almost as if she were speaking now. But it is instead, a voice pleading for others who need our prayers now as much as she did then.

"I cannot say how much we need your prayers, and must beg of you again and again to pray unceasingly for us." "If you would have us live, and not die, you must pray." "More than two years have passed since I left my father's house, and not a single word has been wafted hence. Oh ye privileged ones who sit together in heavenly places and mount upon wings as eagles, little do you realize the feelings of the solitary missionary in the land of darkness!" "God has heard prayer in our behalf, nor are

we forgotten by our beloved churches at home, in the prayers of the sanctuary. We are too sensible of its blessed effects to believe otherwise. How comforting is this thought to the heart of the missionary." "It is not enough for *us alone* to be thankful. Will not my beloved friends at home, the disciples of Jesus, unite with us in gratitude and praise to God for his great mercy? It is in answer to your prayers that we are here." "I would not go back for a world!" "I am happy in making the sacrifice for Christ. It is for Him." "What I have to say more, is, pray for us!" "When I have felt most desponding and cast down, I have thought, perhaps dear mother was not alive to pray for us any more. Mothers of the Maternal Association, let me beg an interest in your prayers especially for your unworthy sister, now she has become a mother, and for my little one."

Mrs. Whitman's diary is a cheerful one, making light of the dangers and privations of the long journey of six months. She tells of the fording of streams and rivers, the passing over rapids, doing with scanty and undesirable food—doing without necessaries which had to be given up as the journey grew more difficult. She bids a half comical, half sad farewell to her little trunk, a parting gift, which could be carried no farther, and says: "The custom of the country is to possess nothing, and then you will lose nothing by traveling."

After a time of difficulty in getting pasture has gone by, she exclaims: "Plenty of good grass! Thus are blessings so mingled that it seems as if there were nothing else but mercy and blessing all the way." "Girls, do not waste the bread! If you knew how well I should relish even the driest morsel, you would save every piece carefully." "I can now cross the most difficult stream without the least fear." "I have never wished to go back; such a thought never finds a place in my heart. The Lord is always better to us than our fears."

But the prayers of her friends and of God's people were more needed than ever when their little child was suddenly taken from them. Lost sight of for a few short minutes, she was drowned in a stream not far from their home. The beauty, dignity, and faith shown in the mother's words can never be surpassed. "My dearest Father: You will doubtless before this reaches you have heard through the Board of the melancholy death of our most precious and only child, Alice Clarissa. That we loved her most ardently is true, and it is no less true that we feel keenly the pangs of a separation from her who was so much the joy and comfort of our hearts in our lonely situation. This unspeakable consolation is ours, that our daughter is at rest in the bosom of Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Lord, it is right, it is right; she is not mine, but thine. She has only been lent to me for a little season, and now, dearest Saviour, thou hast the best right to her. Thy will be done, not mine."

The mother tells of her baby's daily prayer: "O Lord, bless little Alice; may she be thy child, and may she love thee, and when she dies may she go to heaven and live with Jesus, and sing his praises forever and ever."

They have long been a united family in heaven. But how many there are living and working—our representatives—who need our prayers. Let one of our missionaries speak to us of this need:—

WHY WE NEED YOUR PRAYERS.

“It is hard for us who have not ‘been in their places’ to realize what it is to be a subject race, and what the results to character and custom are. One trait we see in this people is the lack of calmness and ‘level-headedness’ when difficulty appears. A rumor of trouble from the government is enough to paralyze them with fear. Once I remember a report of trouble between the soldiers and the people of a mountain town had come to our city. Our faithful, reliable man, who is usually to be depended on for all sorts of emergencies, came to me, his voice quaking with fear, and said, ‘I think we ought to have a guard for this building to-night.’ He feared a general disturbance. While we may be brave, we use means at hand, so I went over to consult our one missionary gentleman as to what was best to do. We agreed it was best to have a special guard for the night, and accordingly arranged for it. As I was accosted in my walk by strong men, who tremblingly asked what we heard, I realized as never before that in time of serious trouble we would be the ones to think what to do and to inspire courage. Do we not need your prayers for such a time?”

“To be sure, there are needs enough at home, and I seem to hear some one say, ‘Why should we pray for your personal needs? You are strangers to us.’ We, whom you have sent into the foreign field, could not undertake such a work as this alone. It is too great; its results are too far-reaching. God is ready to help us in all our perplexities and difficulties, but he has so ordered the affairs of his kingdom that blessings must be asked for, and many petitions bring larger blessings. We are your representatives; the work is just as much yours as ours, and we go forth with the understanding that your prayers are behind us.

“We need wisdom in answer to your prayers when we come to spend the money given by so many,—given at sacrifice, and consecrated by prayer. We desire that every cent shall be spent in the wisest possible manner. We are often called upon to decide matters we have never had occasion to consider before, and when our decisions will be precedents for the future.

“Some seem to think that missionaries must find it easy to live a life of faith, easy to keep serene amid the many annoyances of everyday life. I wonder why. Who does not depend for a good deal of stimulus on the sermons heard, the prayers offered in church and in the prayer meeting? Do you not sometimes get cross (to speak very plainly) when shut up at home for a few days, and seeing none but the members of your own family? In view of that, think of the two lonely women in that distant mission station, the three or four missionaries in another, or even the six and eight in others. True, there are people all about them, but they are those to whom those missionaries turn—to receive, think you? or to give, again and again, till it seems as if there were no fresh thoughts left? Do they not need your prayers that they may grow in grace? that they may be kept so near God that in spite of the isolation, they may be in such close sympathy with the Heavenly Father that there shall be a constant supply equal to the demand?”

“A new missionary is set down in a foreign city, able to understand the language of none but the half dozen Americans who live there, and these few are entire strangers to her. Can you give her anything else than your

earnest prayers,—prayers that she may not falter, that she may be helped in the drudgery of language study, that she may work harmoniously with her associates,—those strangers whose training has been different, whose ideas of work are quite likely to be different from hers?"

A dear invalid worker writes: "I wish I could get well, to work a little longer for foreign missions. I have somehow taken it for granted that my working days were over, but may be I have succumbed too quickly. Anyway, the key of prayer is still in my hand, and the door of His kingdom opens to that."

. . . . "Pray yet longer, pray!

For one that ever prayed for thee this night hath passed away;
A soul that climbing hour by hour the silver shining stair
That leads to God's great treasure house, grew covetous; and there
Was stored no blessing and no boon, for thee she did not claim
(So lowly, yet importunate), and ever with thy name
She linked—that none in earth or heaven might hinder it or stay—
One other Name, so strong that thine hath never missed its way.
This very night within my arms this gracious soul I bore
Within the gate, where many a prayer of hers had gone before;
And where she resteth, evermore one constant song they raise,
Of 'Holy, holy!' so that now I know not if she prays.
But for the voice of praise in heaven, a voice of prayer hath gone
From earth; thy name upriseth now no more. Pray on! pray on!"

DORA GREENWELL.

Jubilee Department.

COURSE OF STUDY.

PLAN of work for mission bands and junior Societies of Christian Endeavor of the W. B. M. I.

1895.

- January.*—China and the Bridgman School.
February.—Mexico.
March, April.—Turkey and the Hadjin Home.
May.—Missionary Biography.
June.—Micronesia and the Morning Star.
July, August.—India and the Village Schools.
September.—Thank-offering Meeting.
October.—Japan and Kindergarten.
November.—Africa.
December.—Christmas Exercise or Review.

HELPS FOR STUDY.

Mission Studies: Two pages will be given to Children's Work in this periodical the coming year. A set of questions is prepared on the lessons for each month. *Mission Studies* is the most important of all the "Helps,"

and but 50 cents a year. Send to Secretary W. B. M. I., 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Monthly Hektograph Letters: Generally letters from missionaries on the field, bright and entertaining, to read at the meetings of a band. Send name, address, and fifteen cents postage for the year, to Secretary W. B. M. I., and they will be forwarded each month. *Mission Dayspring*: Terms, \$3 for 25 copies to one address, per annum, postpaid; 10 copies, \$1.50; less than 10 copies, 20 cents each. Send to publisher *Mission Dayspring*, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

AFRICA.

A LION STORY.

[This story was written by one of the missionaries who went to Gazaland.]

WE have just arrived at Pungwana, a Southern kraal. We had chosen a place a short distance from the kraal and set up our tent. Our caravan had not all come up. Umjade and Bangizwe were bringing up the rear. Suddenly we heard a great outcry in a kraal in a plain right across the valley, about one quarter of a mile away. Mr. Wilder understood that a lion was the cause. We seized our rifles and rushed over. We found a man sitting on the ground in the kraal with the flesh over the right back side of his chest lacerated and bleeding, while a company of men in a state of intense excitement were gathered about him, talking and gesticulating. The women of the kraal were behaving strangely, wringing their hands, crying, and embracing each other. We were told that the wounded man was sitting by a fire in the midst of the kraal eating his supper (it was sundown, but still light), when the lion sprang from behind one of the huts, seized the man with one of its paws, and started off with him. Another man, one of Gungunyana's soldiers, without anything in his hand, followed after the lion, beating him with his fist, and yelling. The lion being thus occupied in watching his pursuer, failed to take his victim between his teeth, and finally dropped him and departed, but not until he had wounded the rescuer slightly on his ankle.

We were shown where the man was dragged for several rods on the ground, and saw the huge tracks where he came and went. We followed his tracks until we came to the edge of the tall grass, the whole company of native men accompanying us. By this time Umjado and Bangizwe had arrived, and they said they saw a lion "as big as an ox" as he sprang upon the man. We hesitated to venture into the tall grass, and were considering what to do, when another of Gungunyana's soldiers came forward with assegai and shield and boldly took the lead in the pursuit. We searched about until it began to be dark, and then returned to the kraal, which we found to be deserted, the women and children and the wounded man having gone to some neighboring kraal.

We consulted as to what should be done, and decided that it was best to stay and watch for the lion's return, as it was expected he would return to

look for his lost prey. The soldier who had led the pursuit said to the other men, "You women all go home, and I will stay here alone with the white men and look for the lion." They took his advice, all except the other soldier who had rescued the man from the lion. We had not yet eaten our supper, so decided to go and do so, and then return to watch for the lion. This we did, but no lion appeared; but in the morning we saw tracks all about the kraal and in the garden.

Then the soldiers said they heard some noise when they were shut up in the hut waiting for us to return from supper, so it appeared that by going to supper we lost our opportunity. A few days before, we were told that a woman belonging to a kraal several miles distant had been caught and eaten by this same lion, it is supposed, and that two others had shared a like fate not long since. Also that only a day or two before a little child had seen the lion in the field, and came home and reported that it had seen a donkey in the field. A few days later we separated into two companies and went different ways to Mutema's kraal, near the Sabi River; Mr. Wilder and I went one way and Mr. Bunker the other. On the way we passed the kraal where the woman had been caught, and the first night after we started (Wednesday night) we slept in a native hut in a kraal by our way. Later we were told that on the following Tuesday night a lion, supposed to be the same one, entered this same hut, knocking the door down to get in, and frightened some chickens that were roosting there; there were no human beings in the hut that night.

At Mutema's, about a week after the affair at Pungwana, we were told that the lion had been killed. It was followed, after carrying away a goat, by some of Gungunyana's soldiers, and when it sprang at some of them, one of them received it upon his shield and killed it. When we returned to Pungwana's we found that the lion had indeed been killed, for there was its skin, but we were given a different version of the way in which it had been killed,—that it was found eating an ant-bear, and upon being thus surprised it ran away, leaving the ant-bear. The men, knowing that it would probably come back for the rest of its meat, set two guns so that they would be discharged when it attempted to take the meat. The next day they found the lion dead, the two balls having passed through its body. Then the friends of those who had been killed and eaten were informed, and they came and gathered around the dead man-eater and took revenge by thrusting their assegais into it. Thus it happened that the fine large skin was spoiled by being cut full of holes. The claws, too, were removed from the skin and sent to Gungunyana, as he claims all lion claws as his property. Mr. Wilder bought the skin for about six shillings. Had it been kept whole, with the claws attached, it would have been worth two or three pounds.

We were told that on one occasion a party of Gungunyana's soldiers surrounded a lion and overpowered him by main strength, and took him alive to the king; but in accomplishing this one or two men were killed and others severely wounded. The killing of a lion entitled a man to wear a goat horn suspended from his neck, the same as does killing a man in battle.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM NOVEMBER 18 TO DECEMBER 10, 1894.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. Amboy, 1; Chicago, Grace Ch., 14, Kenwood Evan. Ch., 58, Lake View Ch., 5, University Ch., to const. Mrs. E. M. Taylor, L. M., 33; Elgin, 20; Normal, 3; Oak Park, 19.70; Rockford, First Ch., 14.75; Thawville, 1,	169 45
JUNIOR: Galesburg, First Cong. Ch., The Philergians,	17 25
C. E.: Richmond,	4 20
JUNIOR C. E.: Farmington, 10; Toulon, 5,	15 00
THANK OFFERINGS: Rockford, First Church, 2; Thawville, 3.25,	5 25
FOR THE DEBT: Evanston, Light Bearers,	8 50
Total,	219 65

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas. Anamosa, Ch., coll., 1; Danville, 5; Decorah, 5; Des Moines, German Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 5, Plymouth Ch., 10.40; Emmetsburg, 3; Iowa City, 21.70; Old Man's Creek, 11.45; Pilgrim, 5; Postville, 10; Waverly, 11,	88 55
JUNIOR: Manson,	2 00
JUVENILE: Grinnell, Busy Bees, W. Br., 5.32; Oskaloosa, Opportunity Club, 5.35,	10 67
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Decorah, 2.20; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 18.01; Grinnell, 11.17	31 38
THANK OFFERINGS: Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 2; Jackson, 10.75; Webster City, 4.20,	16 95
Total,	149 55

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Coats, of Topeka, Treas. Stockton,	6 00
C. E.: Alton, 3; Leavenworth, 15; Sedgewick, 5,	23 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Leavenworth,	3 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Partridge, 3.50; Sabetha, Primary Dept., 5,	8 50
SABETHA, "A friend,"	6 50
Total,	47 00

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas. Clare, 5.40; Dorr, 12.50; Greenville, 5; Grand Blanc, 14.63; Hudson, 5.20; Olivet, 22.70; Romeo, 6,	71 43
JUNIOR: Flint, C. E., 8.32; Greenville, C. E., 10; Three Oaks, 2.34,	20 66
JUVENILE: Detroit, Mt. Hope Ch., 10; Memphis, Children's C. E. S., 1.05,	11 05
THANK OFFERINGS: Lansing, Plymouth Ch., 21.70; Olivet, 6,	27 70
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Greenville,	10 00
Total,	140 84

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 East University Ave., St. Paul, Treas. Cannon Falls, 15; Minneapolis, Open Door Ch., 5, Vine Ch., 7; New Richmond, 5; Northfield, 48.25; St. Paul, Park Ch., 21.20; Worthington, 8,	109 45
C. E.: St. Charles,	10 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Mazeppa,	2 50
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Douglass,	5 00
THANK OFFERING: Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., Aux.,	32 50
Total,	159 45

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Bellevue, 5.50; Elyria, 37.65; No. Ridgeville, 5; Toledo, First Ch., 110,	158 15
JUNIOR: Columbus, Plymouth Ch.,	4 50
C. E.: Columbus, Plymouth Ch., 5; Toledo, Central Ch., 5,	10 00
Total,	172 65

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. R. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. Alcester, 5; Elk Point, 2.85; Letcher, 2; Hot Springs, 15.60,	25 45
THANK OFFERING: Badger,	9 25
Total,	34 70

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of White-water, Treas. Arena, First Ch., 5; Antigo, 7.50; Brandon Aux., and Y. L., 4.12; Durand, 1; De Pere, 3; Fulton, 15; Green Bay, 15.50; Springvale, 10; Two Rivers, 4.80,	65 92
SPECIAL: Ladoga, Mrs. Pallister, for Bible woman and Africa,	36 00
FOR THE DEBT: Brandon, 6; Aux. and Y. L., 1.47; Ripon, Memorial for Miss Chandler, 32,	39 47
JUNIOR: Elroy, C. E.,	8 00
Less expenses,	149 39
Total,	12 98
Total,	136 41

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, per Miss E. P. Haskins,	10 00
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KENTUCKY.

Williamsburg, Mrs. J. C. Bateman, Thank Off.,	4 40
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SOUTH CAROLINA.

Greenwood, Brewer Normal School, colored girls,	1 00
Receipts from November 18 to December 10,	1,075 65
Previously acknowledged,	2,417 71
Total since October 26, 1894,	\$3,493 36

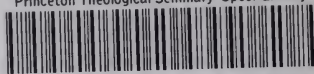
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Life and Light for Woman

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